Of Interest to Women.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg Tells About Her First Success—Mrs. John Sherwood's Hand Read by Queen Stella—Another International Marriage.

SMUGGLED GOODS.

Custom House Sales Among the Favorite Diversions of Women.

Buying at Custom House seizure sales has the excitement of a lottery. A woman who makes a point of attending the semi-annual Custom House sales of "unclaimed, abandoned and seized goods" recently bought a Paris gown and a bottle of epileptic medicine (the latter under the impression that she was investing in a bottle of wine. The "seized" or smuggled goods are more enticing than those merely "unclaimed." Whereas few except tradespeople attend the sales of the latter goods, many women of social standing are either personally present or are represented when the smuggled articles are auctioned off. Most of the "seized" things appeal directly to the frivolous, self-indulgent tendencies of weak human nature—all sorts and conditions of cigars and liquors from plebeian weeds and spirits labelled "No Brand," and appraised at a trifling value, to the finest quality of these commodities. "Watches, jewelry, etc.," forms the headline to the longest division of the catalogue, and all the gems of the heavenly revelation are represented, set in rings, pins, bracelets and hair ornaments. "Dry goods, etc.," include not only yards upon yards of dress materials, especially silk, over the loss of which many a poor, defrauded woman must have torn her hair, but sealskin coats, laces, wraps, gloves, handkerchiefs, and endless other feminine appurtenances. The Custom House officials say the women who buy these stolen sweets pay their full value, and often more than they could be purchased for elsewhere, but there seems an irresistible fascination about smuggled goods, even though legitimately acquired, that appeals strongly to womenfolk.

MME. SANS GENE LAMPS.

Fancies in Decoration Due to the Influence of the Empire Revival.

The influence of the Empire has made itself felt in our houses and homes, as well as in our plays and our literature. The latest development is the lamp shade. On the larger ones whole scenes from "Mme. Sans Gene" are painted, and some few, divided into panels, show several, or, indeed, all the more important ones. The only worthy rivals to these are designs which include the torch, the familiar wreath and scroll work. Any or all of these combined are correct, and, what is

better far in the feminine mind, are in style. Style, after all, is the quality desired. Anything so old-fogy-like as adherence to rule is beneath contemplation. There are certain wise folk, to be sure, who claim that decoration is an art and amenable to law, but who would stop to consider anything so prosaic when a fine thing and a new thing is to be had?

The Empire shades, however, have been kept free from innovation. They afford an opportunity for decorative skill, but they are also a test of accuracy and familiarity with the spirit of the time. The material

most used is paper, but, as it is either of the heavy water-color sort, or fine cardboard, they stand away from the flame and have a dignity of their own. The chiffon bedecked and paper befilled rivals which they have come to obscure were a perpetual menace to life and property, or so some few sober folk thought. But not even the globe, with its charitable light, was sufficient to cast them aside. Only the Empire, with its greater severity, but consoling opportunity for adornment, could accomplish that end.

"DECLINE OF LETTER WRITING."

"It makes me laugh," said a woman, whose name is often seen in current literature, "to hear the wiseacre prate of 'the decline of letter-writing.' Now I grant you we do not indulge in news bulletins and sublimated gossip after the manner of Horace Walpole—nor in the superfine sentimentality of De Sevigne. Telegrams and rapid transit makes the news letter nowadays somewhat an impertinence—and as for the other sort, it is no longer good form to undress one's soul in public, even the limited public of a single friendly consciousness. All the same there are letters nowadays mighty well worth reading—and some of those best worth reading are written by Octave Thanet, who, as everybody knows outside of literature, is Miss Alice French. Her letters are like herself, even more delightful than her stories—wholesomely, heartily and entirely human, abounding in sympathy, overflowing with wit, and permeated with a subtly delicate humor. What is more she is not niggard of them—even to people who are not distinguished—maugre the fact that her literary work is so in demand she can never keep pace with her orders.

"Another famous woman whose letters are truly letters is Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Less sparkling than Miss French, she is to the full as kindly sympathetic. And so is Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. Let me tell you a little story of her while I am talking. Some years back there came out a little book—its writer first—which for some unknown reason was unmercifully scored in the Atlantic. Yet other Boston authorities, and many Boston readers found merit in it. Two of Mrs. Davis's friends there wrote warm praise of it to her—and at once she took the trouble to send excerpts from their letters to the writer of it—although that person was a stranger to her. That seems to me a fine and generous thing for a famous writer to do for one whose spurs were to be won. A little thing, but characteristic. After all, though, there is no such thing as a trifle. You can show your real self as truly in a touch as in your supremest effort."

"Harking back to letter-writing—I am in no way an exception, I think, so let me show you some things I get through Uncle Sam's Post Office. Here is, you see, a letter from New Zealand. Some one there read my stories, wrote to me about them, and so we have fallen in a way of correspondence. Then here is a long letter from Cripple Creek. One of my old chums lives there now, and we hear from each other twice a month. And this bulky screed is from a man who has one of the biggest business enterprises in the country almost wholly upon his hands—the postmark you see is New Orleans—yet he keeps a fine feeling for friendship and literature—and about once in so often we swap a heap of opinions. I have another correspondent in London—and a half-dozen others scattered from Washington to Texas. None of us write duty letters either—to get it off our conscience. We never waste paper and postage. Unless we have something to say, and time to say it, we do not write."

MISS KELLOGG RELATES HER FIRST SUCCESS.

Those who recall the former triumphs of the Academy of Music when it was the home of Italian opera will be interested in the story of her first sucess from the singer who first introduced them to the brilliant music of Filina.

"My first success was in Boston," said Miss Clara Louise Kellogg; "I had sung many times in my native city, New York, but it had been like the old story of the prophet—the New Yorkers had never given me what one might call unqualified praise. Brignoli was singing with me that season, also Adelaide Phillips and a baritone by the name of Ferri, who was a particularly fine actor. The first night that we appeared at the Boston Theatre we gave 'Linda.' There was a slim house, but the best society was well represented. Before the opera was half over the audience became wildly enthusiastic, and that night I felt for the first time that I was a success. I never afterward sang to a poor house in Boston. Everybody came to see me afterward and showered congratulations and attentions upon me. The literary and artistic people of the Hub were very kind in their expressions of appreciation, and I have particularly pleasant memories of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry W. Longfellow.

"The first prediction of my success was made by a Detroit newspaper. I sang in concert in that city when I was hardly more than a child. I remember that I wore a green silk dress and a wreath of roses on my head. At that time I weighed only 105 pounds. The week before I had sung in Cincinnati, where one paper had said that I resembled a picked chicken and that they preferred not to express any opinion about me until I had been fed upon beef tea and other nourishing food."

COL. HIGGINSON'S GIFT.

Ratcliffe College Gets the Galatea Library About Woman.

Except Paul, perhaps no man that ever lived has given so much attention to woman as Colonel T. W. Higginson. His unique collection of books, relating to the history of woman, comprising about a thousand volumes, and which Colonel Higginson has brought together during nearly half a century of persistent collecting. Only one condition is attached to the gift. This is that the books be placed, at least for the present, in an alcove by themselves in the hope that they may thus be brought more conspicuously to public notice and that other donors may co-operate in building a department of permanent value. The collection has hitherto been called "The Galatea collection of books relating to the history of woman," the name having been suggested by a woman friend of their owner from the old fable of Pygmalion and Galatea. In a blank book in which Colonel Higginson has catalogued the collection is the following note:

"This collection properly began with the purchase (August, 1846) of Mrs. Hugo Reid's 'Plea for Woman,' probably the first that interested me in the subject. This was followed by Parson's 'Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman' (November 13, 1846), and the collection has been continued off and on ever since, most of the rarer books having been imported. I used to think I might write a book, 'The Intellectual History of Woman,' and still hope that the collection may be kept together and used by some competent writer." There are many curious old volumes in the collection—for example 'Gallerie des Femmes Fortes," a history of various strong-minded women, printed in 1665, and Lady Southwell's "Description of a Very Woman, and Also of the Male Sex" (London, 1610). There are also many modern books which treat the "Woman Question," and describe the social and political privileges and restrictions of women, from the writings of Mary Wollstonecroft to those of Lucy Stone and Colonel Higginson himself. There is one unique French book, "Paradoxe sur les Femmes," which attempts to prove that women do not belong to the human race. "Mulieres non homines esse" is on the title page. Another curiosity of this sort is a French "Proposal for a Law to Forbid Women to Learn to Read." The collection is considered the best of its kind in the world.

EXTRAVAGANT CHARITY.

The following story of Sarah Bernhardt's kindness is only one of many that could be told by those who know something of her daily life:

A poor old Frenchwoman, who lived by mending lace, called on the great actress one morning to return an exquisite flounce that had needed some repairs. The poor woman had a nervous, worried look, and by dint of questioning Mme. Bernhardt learned that she was out of work and that her rent would fall due in a few days. Without a moment's hesitation Mme. Sarah took the delicate lace and tore it in a number of pieces. She then handed it to the woman.

"There," she said, "is work enough to pay not only this quarter's rent, but the next as well."

To flirt and make yourself notorious is bad form. The well-bred woman is reserved.

A STUDY IN CATS.

Mr. Work's Cat; "Laddie," Miss Juliet Corson's; Bishop Potter's Cat; Mrs. Locke, Purveyor of Cats.

The Cat Show opens to-day. Not even the Dog Show concerns a larger part of the population. At the last census the population of this city was 2,000,000. Of these 1,000,000 were cats. Owing to the difficulty of enumeration these figures are approximate, but are believed to represent with sufficient accuracy this part of the population.

The popular prejudice is against town cats, but this is more apparent than real. They give people something to talk about at breakfast; they help, also, to dispose of apollinaris bottles that otherwise would accumulate in upper rooms. Cats are, in fact, cultivated to a greater extent than people imagine. The grocer keeps one, the druggist keeps one. There are few uptown windows, even on Broadway, where you cannot see, at full length, a fat, sleek, luxurious looking cat. These cats are as pampered as a drawing-room poodle. They are the pets of the shop boys, who teach them tricks to repeat for the entertainment of customers. When night comes they brace up and go to work, and thus earn respect as industrious citizens.

The private cat has an essential place in the economy of cities. In daytime he basks in the grass of areas and on window ledges. He gets the choicest bits from the cook, who cherishes him as one to blame in any emergency. The street cat has a harder time. But vagabondage has its own charms and his fortunes are often romantic. There is a charming woman who goes about with bits in her brocaded reticule to give to stray cats. Another woman keeps an assortment of cats in her dressing room, rescued from teasing boys. These she finds homes for.

The most fortunate of town cats was picked up by Mr. Frank Work. She is green and white, just a plain cat, but she shares her master's affections with his horses and Fred, the Cocker spaniel. To look at this beautiful creature is to see what cultivation and human companionship can do for a street cat. A baby is a fiery little animal compared with this mild-eyed creature, who never scratches, pulls hair nor cries.

Miss Juliet Corson used to have a magnificent white Angora, known as Prince Aladdin, shortened to "Laddie." "Laddie" made possible all the fairy stories of this enchanted prince. "Laddie" measured a yard from nose to tip of tail, standing eighteen inches high. He looked like a colossal snowball, with those golden yellow eyes that are the highest distinction of the Persian cat. "Laddie" was always a gentleman. His habits were perfect, particularly his table manners. He was a gourmand, preferring French peas, mushrooms and truffles. It was worth something to see him bite off the tips of asparagus that had been dropped in the mayonaise. "Laddie" had one aversion—the Salvation Army. At the sound of a band he leaped to the window. He adored a parade. But when the drums and tambourines of the Salvation Army went by he growled until they could be heard no more.

"Laddie" came from the famous stock of Mrs. Clinton Locke, whose husband was a popular Chicago rector. The first cat was brought to her years ago from Paris by Mr. Wendell Prime and was called "Wendell." He was the progenitor of this superb race of cats. Mrs. Locke's cats were always engaged forty days before they were born. Those she did not give away were sold for the benefit of the "Cat Fund" for church work.

Mrs. Dovey, the wife of the dog doctor, before her death was a famous purveyor of cats. Being an English woman, they all had royal names. Bishop Potter had one of these cats, and Mrs. McClellan an Angora which went with her abroad. Miss Mary Booth used to have two splendid cats, Vashti and Muff, who were always present at her receptions in reception toilet. Muff had a wardrobe that would rival a belle. Muff died of paresis.

Miss Rosalie Jones has a superb maltese named Charles Algernon Swinburne, but called Johnnie for short. Johnnie's traits are so individual and he is such a dignified, self-respecting cat that he is regarded in every way as a personage rather than as a cat.

TEA-POT COLLECTING.

As a fad it is as harmless as it is interesting, and in both respects it ranks with the craze for pitchers great and small. An English woman, an artist, who spent some years in Japan, managed while there to accumulate more than a thousand, of which no two had the same pattern. There were black pot and white, blue pots and gray, big pots, little ones; pots in glaze, in crackle, in yellows and browns and reds and blacks. One was like an old man, whose head formed the lid, and could be set at any angle. Others were in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls, not to mention fish, frogs, a beetle or two, and a fat, squirmy eel. Buddha even was pressed into service as a model. There were lotus-bud pots, and other pots in semblance of a tea house. One huge caldron-like affair held three gallons, and at least a dozen specimens would not have contained a thimbleful. Among these were several swans—all truer than life, correct to the last curl of neck and feather, and of a size to be hidden in the palm of your hand.

As to material, there were inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron—most exquisitely wrought—silver-gilt alloys, and all the myriad sorts of Japanese pottery. It was, in fact, a liberal education in teapots to run an eye over the ranks of them. Several specimens had cost nearly a hundred dollars each; yet, such is the cheapness of artistic handicraft in the far East, many of the others had been bought for a few cents. Yet altogether the assemblage was reckoned to be worth $5,000.

CHIFFON.

The latest neck ruchings are enormous. It is no uncommon thing to see both the face and the back of the head more than half lost to view.

The tailor-made pockets that have carried with them such joy are no more. Women have abused their privilege to the extent of bulging their coats, and one small pocket for the handkerchief only is all that is allowed.

Louis XVI. jackets are a departure for evening wear. Young married women find them both novel and suitable. Brocade in light colors over a skirt of either white satin or black is the favorite combination.

The capes of Spring bid fair to be gorgeous affairs. Lace, embroidery, jet, spangles and elaborate neck ruchings all enter into their make-up.

It is prophesied that the bonnets of Spring will be held in place by generous ties. Milliners claim that we have been tending toward that end in the increasing width of the stock and the jabot.

ART IN THE LAUNDRY.

Valuable Hints to Those Estimable Women Who Do the Washing.

Now that Spring comes on apace it is worth while to know:

That prints should never be touched with soap, but washed quickly in warm suds. If the suds are made from borax soap, the chance of fading the stuff is very much diminished. Wash as quickly as possible, rinse in water to which you have added a handful of salt, and dry in the shade, stretching the garments smooth.

Also that the yellow which comes from lying unused or stain and soil of any sort may be removed without wear from the most delicate white fabric by first letting it stand fifteen minutes in clear tepid water, then covering it with strong suds, and placing it in a glass or earthen vessel where it will get the sun's rays for six hours. If ammonia is added to the suds the bleaching and cleansing will be quicker, but care must be taken not to use too much and to add it before the thing to be washed goes in the suds.

And further, that fruit stains of any sort are harmless if first wet with alcohol or whiskey before water touches them. After the wetting wash the stains in clear water, then in the usual fashion. Wine stains will come out for the same treatment, and if not very red are removable by salt, applied of course before the blemish has been set by the touch of soap. Salt combined with alcohol is good for the troublesome green grass stains, but needs to be supplemented with vigorous rubbing.

Still further, fine laces and silk embroideries may be cleansed to look as though they had not needed it by laying them, soiled side down, in a perfect flood of naphtha. The work should not be attempted save out doors, as the inevitable vaporization is dangerous in any confined space. Do not wring or pinch the things, but dab them up and down, letting the naphtha run through them and remove the intruding dirt by gravity. If your lace or embroidery is much soiled, it may be necessary to use a second naphtha bath. If the first one be dark and turbid all through the second is certainly in order. Do not wring either lace or embroidery, but hang them over a taut line, and pull carefully into shape. Leave them until the naphtha has evaporated, then hang in the sun until no smell of it remains.

And last, and most important, that in judgment of laundry work the nose is the court of last resort. No matter how immaculate your clothes may look, no matter how crisp may be the frills, in what stanch array the plaits stand, if they lack the fresh wholesome fragrance of really clean linen, they are delusions and snares, unfit for civilized wearing. "The finest linen, plenty of it, and country washing," Beau Brummel said to a man who wanted to know how he might make himself an acceptable dinner guest. The saying is as true now as in the Beau's time—if your clothes smell country fashion, then you have nothing left to wish for.

MANNERS ON THE ROAD.

When entering a car move quickly. Conductors have no time to wait for slow people.

Put your umbrella behind you, on the seat, or anywhere out of sight, so that people will not stumble over it.

Have the five cents ready if possible.

Don't give up your seat for but two people—an aged person or a woman carrying a baby.

Always make room if you can for the "new passenger."

Never insist that a woman but little older than yourself should take your seat. No one likes to be considered infirm.

When reading a paper don't spread it out, annoying the fellow-passenger on each side.

Don't open the window if damp and rainy unless you ask permission of the person sitting next to you.

To extend your feet across the passageway is very bad form.

Beware of the dripping umbrella. Your neighbors might "look daggers."

When travelling don't take up the entire seat with your traps. You pay but for one.

Share the hanging rack with your fellow-passenger. Half is his right.

Don't push your way in a car that is crowded. Take the next one following.

If a man picks up a bundle you have dropped, say "Thank you."

When travelling never make acquaintances. It is dangerous.

MISS RADCLIFFE'S MARRIAGE.

Miss Minnie Radcliffe, the leading lady of Sol Smith Russell's company, is soon to marry the nephew of Duke von Metternach, an Austrian—not the Duke himself, as report has it. The young people met in Vienna last Autumn, during a reception at the American Legation. Theirs is a romance of love at first sight. As soon as it was permissible, young von Metternach offered his heart and all his wordly goods to the modest American actress. This is an exceptional case in one way, because the young lady is not an heiress of the Union scampering away with a titled foreigner. Her pretty face and charming manner constitute her fortune. She will retire from the stage at the close of the present season, to prepare for the prospective nuptials. The marriage will be solemnized in New York this Summer. Miss Radcliffe's mother is Marion Lester, the actress.

ROYAL WIDOWS.

It is just a thought astonishing to reckon the number of royal widows, regnant or uncrowned, now more or less in public view. First, of course, comes Her Majesty Victoria, Empress of India, Queen of England, Scotland and Ireland. Next to her one must rank her eldest child, Victoria, Empress Dowager of Prussia, more commonly known as Empress Frederick. Then, in the same family circle, there are the Duchess of Albany, born Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and widow of the English Queen's youngest son, and the lately bereaved Princess of Battenberg, who is to be the Duchess of Kent in her own right.

Upon the Continent there are a pair of widowed queens regent—Christine of Spain and Emma of Holland. Both have won golden opinions from those they govern, no less than from impartial onlookers. Queen Emma is, by the way, sister to the Duchess of Albany, who is said to have been the first choice of the gay old reprobate, King William of Holland. She refused him, but her sister threw herself into the breach, inspired doubtless by the knowledge that reigning sovereigns, even though somewhat battered and the worse for wear, were not likely to come often a-wooing in starveling if princely households. So they were married, and there is a little Queen of Holland to cheer the anticipations of the house of Cumberland.

But none of the queens or empresses can put out of court Dagmar, sometime of Denmark, now the widowed Czarina, Marie Feodorowna. It must have gone hard with her, in spite of the splendors the change implied, to give over her Danish name, which means "daydawn," for an apellation so cumbrous. Feodorowna means, by the way, "daughter of Theodore," as does Paulovna "daughter of Paul." The termination "ovna," or "owna," has in all cases that significance in Russian names, just as the suffix "vitch" means always "son of;" thus Alexandrovitch is "the son of Alexander."

Austrian royalty has two widows outright, between whom it is hard to say which has the more tragic story. All the world still remembers the tragedy of Meyerling—how the Crown Prince Rudolph shot himself and the beautiful Marie Vectsera, leaving his wife, Stephanie of Belgium, by no means disconsolate, as the pair had been on the point of judicial separation. Still the shock and shadow of it all for a time overwhelmed her. But she has no continuing sorrow such as has driven to madness Carlotta, once Empress of Mexico, who missed seeing her husband, Maximilian, shot only because she had gone to Europe asking help for him, where no help was. Yet it is a question if, in spite of all, she is not less unhappy than her sister, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who has been for long years widowed in all but name.

Besides Empress Eugenie, widowed, childless, a withered shadow of her beautiful self, France has a Duchess of Orleans, whom the Legitimists rank as queen dowager—not to mention the wife of her murdered President, Carnot. And there is more than a Gallic trace in the youngest of royal widows, the Bonaparte Princess, who married her uncle, the Duke d'Aosta, and since his death has set the Italian court wild with her freaks.

MRS. HUTTON'S HALL.

Mrs. Laurence Hutton has the hall of her residence, on West Thirty-fourth street, entirely covered with pictures of well-known actors. She has the finest collection of the sort in this country, and, as to each picture is appended the autograph of the original, many of whom are dead, its value is very great. They are not placed with any apparent order as to size or style, but simply fitted closely together so that no speck of wall shows between. Many of them are engravings and many are photographs. Some are large and some are small. Of some of the best known actors there are a number of pictures. Thus the late Edwin Booth figures in a variety of poses, in costume and in ordinary dress. Henry Irving is another favorite, and his features look down from all sides. On one of his pictures he has written: "To Mrs. Laurence Hutton from Henry Irving," and at one side this little verse appears:

Man is God's tree;
Woman is his flower.

BECKET.

SHE FEARED A MISFIT.

Tall Shopper—Will you please tell me how long these skirts are?

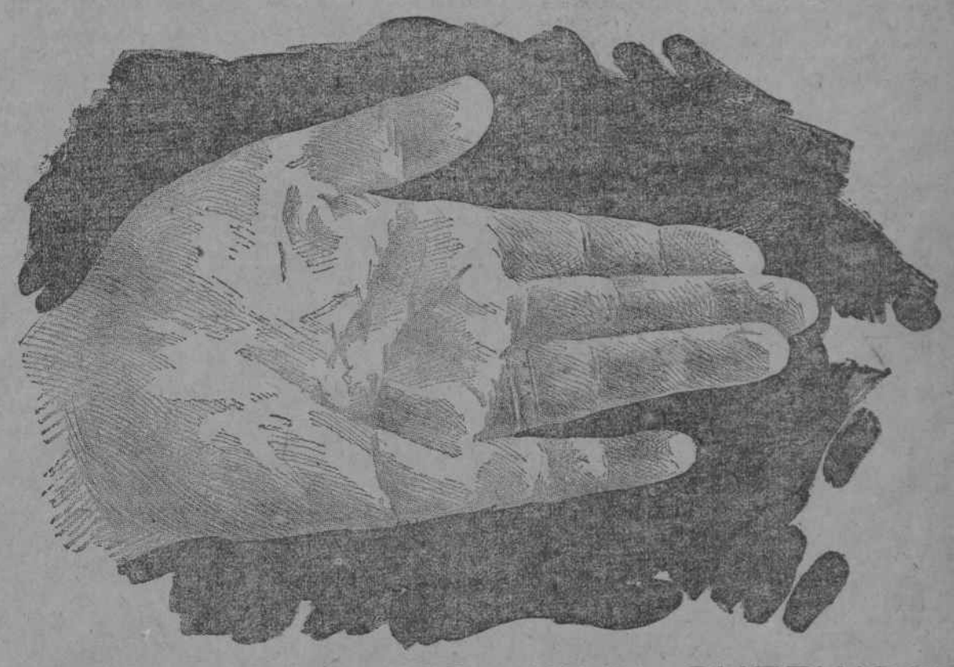
Clerk (superciliously)—They are the regular length, madam.

Tall Shopper (meekly)—Ah, but I'm not.

To go in crowds to see your relative off is unnecessary.

CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzales, to whom has been intrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish gypsies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects.



THE HAND OF MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

This wonderful hand shows an extensive and active intelligence, a head full of practical ideas, and a soul inclined to the ideal. By nature she is courageous. Her social instincts are well developed. She has inspiration and tact, noble ambition, frankness and elegance. Her religion is lovable and tolerant. She has love of nature and of beautiful forms, a desire to please. Her hand shows an affectionate heart.

She has advanced in calmness and strength amid the troubles of life. She has good fortune followed by bad, and bad followed by good. She possesses a fine memory and great strength of resistance, also harmony in music, enchanting eloquence, wisdom, philosophy and merit. She has known success, favor and celebrity.